

Want

by G. G. Fernandez

Category: NCIS

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Jenny Shepard, Leroy Jethro Gibbs

Pairings: Leroy Jethro Gibbs/Jenny Shepard

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 01:40:15

Updated: 2016-04-10 01:40:15

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:53:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,666

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Jenny Shepard didn't want for much. She had the best husband, great friends, the second chances some would kill for. She had a great job, a nice home and good health. But she hadn't wanted for that. She hadn't needed that. She'd just been lucky. However, a look into her life helped her uncover what it was she had wanted - but you can't always have what you want.

Want

Jenny Shepard didn't want for much.

She was happy, happier than she had been for a long time. After everything she'd been through, after everything she'd got wrong, it was all finally falling into place.

She had NCIS – the agency she was the sole Director of. She'd given up a lot to get there, lost a lot through her climb to the top. She certainly had her regrets.

Starting off, she'd been focused. She inherited that her father. Coronel Jasper Shepard hadn't expected anything but the best from his girls.

„Aspire to be the best. Believe you can do it. Achieve what's yours.

—

His words had stuck with her, for better or for worse. She knew what she had to do. Her five-point-plan was designed for one sole intention, to achieve what was hers. He'd just had to come along and thrown her off balance. For a while, he succeeded.

Almost ten years her peer, he'd always treated her right. He was good like that. He always knew the right things to say, the right things to do, both on and off the job. Simply put, they were a damn good

team. She let her guard down. She let him in, something she never regretted, but being her boss, there was an inkling of fear " what was good today could make tomorrow hell. She let it blind her, the uncertainty. For all the good, she allowed herself to imagine the bad. She couldn't do it. She needed certainty, focus. So she left.

Walking off that plane, she knew it was the end. Unlike her lover, she had no intention of going back. In his mind, she would be there like always. She'd be there to hold him, to support him, to love him, just like how he'd be there for her. But she wasn't. With no coat on her back, she battled the icy European wind and fled, nothing more than a tear of memories marking her regret. Her plan was back on track.

She was already boarding her flight out of there before she dared to think of him for what she wished to be the final time. She knew it wouldn't be. Her heart was crying for him, but her head kept saying no. She needed the stability of her career. She needed something solid. He wasn't.

She watched as the ground got further away, trying desperately to ignore the empty seat beside her. Her heart shuddered. Just how long it would take him to find the letter.

\_Dear Jethro\_

But that was all ancient history now. It was all just a chapter in the book which she painfully regretted writing. It had been a cowardly manner of running away.

But he'd caught her, and that time, he didn't let go. That time, he held her tightly and refused to back down. He lost her once, he wasn't about to do it again. Ever.

The ring made it official. A simple, plain gold band which sat proudly on her finger. She never showed it off, never tried to direct people's attention to it. It was for her benefit, hers and her husband's. Nobody else's.

She hadn't wanted it, not in the beginning. She had been perfectly content with the way things were. They both had.

It was the little things she had been grateful for, the little things which made her so thankful she'd been lucky enough to get a second chance with him. It was the way he silently insisted on kissing her as the very first thing on the agenda every morning and the very last thing before they went to sleep at night. It was the way he smiled whenever he saw her, so softly but enough to show how much she brightened up his day just by being there. It was the way he held her whenever possible, enough to let her know he was there and that she was his. She liked to feel like she belonged, and with Jethro she did.

She would never admit it aloud, but she also felt herself flutter inside whenever anyone dared look at her in a way other than professional or friendly. While she didn't approve of rage-fuelled jealousy, she couldn't help but feel loved when he showed his dominance if someone dared to take a step too close. He wanted people to know she was his, just like he was hers.

He was stuck in his ways; he wasn't going to change. If someone did try to make eyes at her, it wasn't long before he'd be highlighting the presence of the matching rings on their fingers. While she never would, he did. He could be anybody's worst nightmare if tested.

Still, she'd never wanted for the ring. She'd never demanded of it. She'd certainly never expected it, so that day when Jethro tapped her on the shoulder and she turned to see him holding it, she certainly couldn't stop herself from going a little wide-eyed.

Her mouth went dry as her eyes fell upon the precious piece of metal held between his index finger and thumb. She couldn't quite believe it.

"Marry me."

It wasn't a question any more than it was a command.

Her eyes flickered from the ring to his eyes, his blue eyes gleaming in the dim light of the empty bullpen. She'd only come down for the team's completed case reports. She hadn't expected that.

She sighed, her words not forming. His soft smile just grew that little bit more. She knew he didn't need to hear the answer; he knew it already.

"Okay."

Her voice was soft, barely audible but still it was enough. He grinned, the most perfect and boldest smile she'd ever seen him make.

He didn't move quickly, he was soft and delicate as he tilted her chin and brushed his lips against hers. He didn't need to be rough. There's a time and a place and that wasn't it.

Their lips broke apart and he lifted her hand. Jenny looked down and watched him effortlessly slide the ring onto her finger. It immediately felt right "that was where it belonged."

A tear escaped as she looked back up which he caught with his thumb. She'd never felt so happy.

From that moment on, she'd wanted to marry him and within five short months, she was walking down the aisle. It hadn't been a big ceremony. Other than the team, there had only been Jethro's father and her sister, but it was perfect. Perfect for them.

Months passed and they settled into their new lives as Mr and Mrs Gibbs with ease. Other than the names, living arrangements and legal status, nothing had changed. Not really. Gibbs was still Gibbs, his team was still his team and Jenny was still Jenny. Simple.

The first change had been when Jenny had taken it upon herself to finally visit her doctor. She wasn't one to moan about discomfort but after Jethro had started taking note, she knew it was only a matter of time before he dragged her there himself.

The initial test results hadn't been good. Choosing to go alone to that appointment hadn't been the wisest of decision from the Director. A high white blood cell count " an infection or potentially something a lot worse. The initial results indicated the latter.

Jenny sat in the waiting room a good hour after her consultation had finished. That was the first time she had really wanted for something " she wanted her husband. She wanted her husband and she wanted to go home. However, she knew she couldn't drive back to Georgetown in her state of mind. If she really was dying, she didn't want to lose her life prematurely in a car accident. With how she was feeling, that was likely to be the result of her getting behind the wheel.

It was the sound of her cell phone which brought her out of her dangerous thoughts. As expected, her husband was calling. He probably was wondering what could be taking so long.

Jenny found herself sighing. It wasn't a conversation to have over the phone.

Jethro had been working an active case but was quick to leave DiNozzo in charge in favour of fetching his wife from the hospital. When he saw the state she was in, he thought nothing more than to take her home. Going back to work was out of the question.

They both cried that night. Gibbs held onto her tightly as she told him her potential diagnosis, his shirt soaking up her tears. Truth be told, she was terrified. She wasn't ready to die. There was so much she still wanted to do.

Gibbs held her until her sobs drowned themselves out and she fell to sleep, a sleep he hoped would remain pleasant for the night. He wasn't really sure what to do.

As Jenny fell into a deeper sleep, he felt his strength crumble. He didn't want it to be over. It had only really just begun.

He wasn't ashamed to cry, not when he knew she wasn't watching. He, Leroy Jethro Gibbs, was a strong, silent man. He never let his emotions get the better of him, not in front of anyone, but he was alone " and he cried.

He cried for his wife. He cried in fear of losing her. He wanted to be strong, and he would be, but he needed that cry. He needed to get it out of his system. Only that way could he be at his best for her.

Jethro took Jenny to her next consultation, having been through a number of further tests. She held onto his hand tightly as they waiting for the doctor to join them. It was clear to see, she was terrified.

"It's an infection."

The doctor's smile which accompanied that statement had Jethro releasing one of the largest breaths he had ever held in. Looking up, he found himself silently thanking God " something he'd never done before. He wasn't a religious person but if that was what it would have taken to ensure Jenny was okay, he'd have gone to church every

day and night.

Jenny couldn't quite believe it so when the doctor began to explain how a course of antibiotics would clear it within a number of weeks, tears did escape her eyes. Relief was the biggest understatement of the year. Having prepared herself for the worst, it was the best possible news to hear.

Within weeks, just as the doctor had predicted, Jenny was back to old self. Gibbs couldn't have been happier. His wife was healthy, his team were fine, life was good.

Most nights, Jenny tended to lie on her big, old, empty bed and think just how lucky she was. Most people would kill for the second chances she'd gotten, in fact, some had. It was then usually up to Gibbs and his team to catch them.

She didn't like it when the bed was empty â€" she much preferred it when Jethro was at her side. However, like quite a few nights when there was an active case, he didn't tend to come home. That was just the way it was.

One particular night, Jenny found herself subject to sleeping alone â€" again. Gibbs and the team had been working non-stop on a case for days, the murder of two female Petty Officers who for all intents and purposes had no enemies nor any obvious reason as to why they'd been found dead on a sidewalk in Anacostia.

It was Jenny's third night alone, the third and hopefully the last. The idea of her husband napping at his desk while she resided in an empty house was not something she wished to continue for too much longer. Still, she never wanted for the case to end, not until it could be resolved correctly. As a law enforcement officer, she didn't just want â€" she needed justice to be served. She knew that wasn't always quick. Gibbs' infamous all-nighters had been the bane of her existence back she was still Probie Shepard.

As she lay there, snuggled under the bedcovers, she couldn't help but notice just how cold her feet were. They were like ice against her legs. She shuddered and snuggled further down under the duvet. Come to think of it, her hands were cold too.

It wasn't surprising, not really. It was mid-January. That alone meant it was a cold â€" it was still winter. Hell, it had barely just passed Christmas, her first Christmas as Mrs Gibbs. She smiled at the memory. The fleece blanket she'd received from Ducky over the festive period was working wonders. She couldn't be dealing with cold extremities while she tried to sleep. Where was Jethro when she needed him?

Morning came around and things didn't seem to be getting back to normal. She hadn't slept well, barely an hour in and out. That explained why she was so tired. However, she couldn't explain why she felt nauseous or why her head was aching. Perhaps that too was due to her lack of sleep.

She got to work to see Gibbs' team all snoozing at their desks. She doubted their backs would thank them for it later; none of them seemed to be in a particularly comfy position. While DiNozzo was using his chair as some sort of crude hammock, Ziva and McGee had

opted to using their desks as pillows. She would have smiled if she hadn't been concentrating to walk in a straight line from the elevator.

Surprise, surprise, one member of the team was wide away when she walked in. He smiled when he saw her. She did her best to smile back.

Gibbs stood up from his desk and headed towards her, greeting her with a smile reserved only for her. She may not have felt well but she saw that. He moved in to kiss her but she held her hands against his chest, her touch light against him. She wasn't pushing him away, she just needed space.

It was then that Gibbs could see just how pale her fair skin was. His head tilted, his hand rising to cup her cheek. He was by far more concerned than offended.

"Sorry."

She tried to smile but her head was starting spin. She reached out and gripped his arm. She needed to keep her balance " that was far more important than caring that she'd apologised. To hell with Rule #6.

Once Jenny settled in her office, ignoring both Jethro's silent and verbal protests, the day passed with nothing of relevance. The case wrapped up essentially the moment the sleeping agents woke up and wrote their reports. It turned out all the loose ends had been tied up the previous night " the all-nighter had been a success.

Gibbs didn't show it but he was worried. In his opinion, Jenny shouldn't have been working but Jen was Jen. She was too damned stubborn for her own sake.

To be fair, Jenny was worried about herself too. All she kept thinking was that maybe the infection was back " she even considered the possibility that maybe the doctor had been wrong. Maybe the worst case scenario had been the truth.

She didn't allow herself to think like that for long. She couldn't afford to. While in the building, she needed to work. However, that was easier said than done since she was struggling to move. Her entire body just felt heavy, weak. Simply moving to do simple task like reaching for a pen made her feel as though she was competing in the Olympics. She really needed to get some sleep. Roll on the end of the day.

That night was like the previous, the only difference being that Gibbs was there too. She just couldn't sleep " she was too tired to sleep. The irony.

She couldn't get comfy either. She shifted, twisted and turned, her energy being depleted quickly. Nothing felt even remotely good. Soon she resorted to trying to ignore her discomfort. Surely her body would give up and allow her to sleep soon.

Gibbs wasn't sure what to do. It was rather infuriating but nowhere near what she must have been feeling. She didn't want to sleep " she needed to sleep.

Gibbs resorted to leaving the bedroom light on and watching over her. He couldn't rest with her moaning next to him and he honestly had no intention of even trying.

Jenny was honestly close to screaming. She'd never felt so wound up and restless in her life. Why wasn't her body giving up?

By two a.m. the following morning, she was crying. Not obviously, just out of pure frustration. It probably wasn't helping that her nausea was back with a vengeance. She moaned some more, her hand pulling against his as she tried using his shoulder as a pillow.

He kissed her hair soothingly and sighed into it. He was tempted to call Ducky. Although, he wasn't sure whether the good doctor would appreciate being woken at two a.m. for a consultation.

Jenny finally won her fight and fell asleep by 4 a.m. Gibbs didn't dare let himself sleep. He had a feeling the relief would be short lived. He was right.

It had barely been half an hour before she was awake, but that time there was a difference. That time she truly was sick.

It was seven a.m. before Gibbs picked up the phone, knowing full well it should have been sooner given the state his wife was in.

Tired, cranky â€" that was just him. God only knew how she felt. She needed help.

"Hello Jethro."

Ducky's voice was hoarse. He'd clearly been woken by his phone ringing. Gibbs didn't care.

The good old Doctor Mallard arrived in record time after being called. He couldn't quite believe Gibbs had waited so long to call and he had no trouble making that clear with the heavy-eyed agent.

Jenny didn't object to Ducky's examination, something which proved how much she was being knocked about. Jennifer Shepard never wanted to be examined. Gibbs knew she'd have fought like hell if she'd had the energy.

Within only minutes, Ducky was pretty sure he knew what the symptoms were indicating â€" anaemia. He for one knew Jenny Shepard. He knew her better than most, Gibbs being the exception. She was hard-working, stubborn woman. She was always eating on-the-go and never allowing herself sufficient exercise or rest. Her body was crying out for mercy.

With orders for her to remain bedridden and to get a blood test for confirmation, Dr. Mallard left. There was not much more he could do other than that and recommend the type of diet for her to go on until her red blood cell count returned to normal.

It took a few days for Jenny to start feeling better. She knew she wasn't completely out of the woods but the fact that she had the energy to get out of bed was a massive improvement. Although, if she

saw any more spinach on her plate at mealtimes, she was sure she was going to start banging heads together. She was sick of the stuff.

Jenny was sat up in bed reading some case files when Gibbs got home that night. She still felt nauseous, that hadn't changed, but she didn't need to fake a smile when he came up to the bedroom.

She watched silently as Gibbs undressed, favouring his slacks instead of his gear. He wasn't one for talking, his story of the day was incredibly short, but still she listened. She wanted so much to go back to work. She couldn't be dealing with reading case files in bed for much longer. She honestly hated sick leave.

Gibbs was glad to see the colour in her cheeks. She was clearly much better in herself than she had been, but whatever it was - Ducky had said anaemia - it had certainly knocked about. It was clear to see.

Most noticeable was her weight. She'd always been rather petite - it wasn't as if she had enough weight to lose. However, whatever she did have was now gone. She didn't look healthy. Then again, she was still getting sick so it wasn't a surprise.

"I want to go back to work."

Gibbs had been expecting to hear that. All night she'd been dancing around the subject of NCIS and how much better she was feeling. He knew she was getting impatient of waiting for sick leave to be up.

He tried to argue with her, reason with her. A few more days on leave wouldn't have hurt but this was Jenny. It was always NCIS first, herself second. He knew he'd never win.

Gibbs would have been lying if he said he was overjoyed about her return. It wasn't that he didn't want her there, he'd missed seeing her around, but she still wasn't better, not completely. He knew for a fact she was still getting sick - she was just getting better of hiding it from him now. At least that's what she thought.

Jenny was welcomed back warmly by all. She felt good to be back. NCIS was her home and she'd missed it. She'd missed the team. She'd missed Tony's constant movie references which he always quoted to a tee until realising he'd been joined by either Gibbs or herself. She missed McGee's ability to get flustered when trying to explain something technical to her technophobe husband. She missed Ziva's errors when using common sayings - that had always made her smile. Mostly, she just missed being a part of it all. She was glad she was back.

Ducky was her first visitor when she was back in her office. He wanted to invite her back personally, among other things. She'd expected as much. As soon as she'd so much as said hello, he was asking about her symptoms - were they better? were they worse? And then the dangerous question: what had her doctor said?

Jenny had to look away, suddenly finding the pattern of scratches on her desk very interesting to look at. Ducky knew exactly what that meant.



"You didn't go to your doctor."

It wasn't a question any more than it was a statement. Still, she refused to look up. She felt like a naughty child awaiting a reprimand from her parents. However, Ducky was much worse because he didn't shout. He just spoke and that alone could make her feel guiltier than when she was being dressed down by SECNAV for something beyond her control.

As expected, she found herself in Autopsy not too long after, having the needle she'd tried to avoid days before. She wasn't worried â€" she was sure it was anaemia. She'd just had the test to keep Ducky off her back.

The days passed and she got back into her work, not wanting anything but to get on top of her paperwork. She'd missed far too much having a few days off. The hours of the days all merged together, her job being nothing more than a silent office and files full of hastily-written reports in need of her approval.

It could be quite tedious at times, reading about the same case from the perspective of three or four different people. The ones she approved tended to be rather similar, the ones she rejected, the opposite. An infamous one which sprung to mind was a case about a supposed Navy First Officer-turned-thief. Two agents investigated and she received two reports, two very different reports. Reading them both, they looked as if they came from two separate incidents â€" there was no way they'd hold up in court. Reject.

She was still getting sick, twice a day actually meant she'd had a good day. She was just glad Gibbs didn't see. He was usually off investigating a crime scene or investigating evidence the first time she needed a bathroom break. In all honesty, she was getting used to it. She wasn't sure whether that was a good thing or a bad thing.

She'd just left the bathroom and returned to her office when she had a knock at the door. It clearly wasn't Gibbs. He'd have just barged in. She was sure he'd forgotten his manners when it came to using somebody else's door. Even at home, he had failed to pick up the courtesy of knocking.

Ducky walked in, file in hand, upon her approval. Her results, she assumed.

She was puzzled by his expression. He didn't look glum â€" that indicated there were no problems with what the test found. However, he didn't look happy either. As a matter of fact, he looked reserved.

Lowering herself into her seat, Jenny watched as Ducky opened the file.

"You are anaemic."

She assumed as much. He'd told her that was the likely cause days ago.

"Okayâ€¦ And?"

Jenny found herself frowning as the doctor huffed a sigh. Why did she have the feeling he was about to drop a bombshell?

"You also have, what is known as hyperemesis gravidarum."

Jenny usually would have smiled at his grand way of saying the diagnosis. She always found it amusing how he rolled his tongue and elongated the sounds of what she could only call medical technobabble. But this was different.

She'd been in NCIS a long time; she'd heard her fair share of medical terminologies, but that one was new. She'd never heard it before in her life.

"Which isâ€|?"

Ducky sighed.

"Excessive morning sickness."

Yes, a bombshell. She'd been right.

The rest of their conversation passed in a daze. Actually, the rest of the day passed in a daze. Of all things, she hadn't expected that.

Gibbs clocked onto her silence as he drove her home that night. Trying to talk to her was like trying to get blood from a stone. Impossible. So he just reached for her hand and held it, just to let her know he was there. Whatever was going on, she'd talk when she was ready.

She was ready as soon as they got home. She was ready the moment the front door closed and her coat was hung up. She wanted to tell him â€ she wanted to scream it. However, Jethro had other ideas.

\_Dinner. \_

Damn his need to make sure she ate. It had been the one thing he'd been insistent on since Ducky had mentioned the word anaemia.

Jenny sat and watched him prepare the meal, amused by the way he was trying to make it fun. She knew he knew she hated wasting time, food prep. being one of those times, so it entertained her to see the lengths he went to to overcome that.

She smiled, glancing over what he was cooking. Exactly what were they having that night?

Her eyes rolled when her arch enemy, spinach, made an appearance. Luckily, that only reared its head while Jethro searched the fridge for something else. She then looked over the rest: brown rice andâ€| beef?

Her stomach rolled as she watched the beef cooking away in the pan.

\_Blood.\_ It was oozing blood.

As fast as it was for Jethro to close the fridge door was the time it took her reach the bathroom. Not a moment too soon.

Gibbs was a little taken aback by her hast. He'd barely seen her move and she was gone. He found in the bathroom, her head hovering over the toilet bowl. She was good for the moment but he knew it wouldn't take long before she repeated retching again.

He sighed and fell to his knees beside her, moving her hair away as best he could before it was too late. Wiping her mouth, Jenny actually laughed. What a beautiful position she'd found herself in.

Gibbs was oddly amused. He couldn't understand her. She was stretched out on cold tiles, her one hand held firmly against her forehead as she leant on the rim on the toilet bowl and yet she was laughing.

He found himself laughing too, well, smiling.

"Jen, what's goin' on?"

She just continued to laugh, soon breathing deeply in and out as another wave of nausea flushed over her. Again she heaved and again she wiped her mouth.

"Thisâ€¦ this isn't exactly how I planned on telling youâ€¦"

Good news seemed to travel fast. Within mere hours of Gibbs finding out in the comfort of his own home, the entire Navy Yard seemed to know. Anyone who didn't soon heard through the scuttlebutt.

Any desire Jenny had to keep it to themselves for a while was lost the moment she stepped into the building the next morning. That was when the pair received their first congratulations of the day, the first of many.

Gibbs didn't take too kindly to being one of the ones in the scuttlebutt headlines. People knew very quickly to shut their mouths when he entered a room. His stare was like ice. While he was happy inside, he didn't want to share anything with anyone who didn't mean anything to him. That was a right reserved for his family and his team.

It was Abby who managed to break the ice that morning. While many had tried and failed to give congratulations without receiving nothing more than a scowl or a soft thank-you if they had actually communicated with him before, Abby just dove into his chest. Her joy for him was more than enough to break through his shield.

It took several days before NCIS seemed to settle down again and Gibbs was able to walk around without a permanent scowl. To be fair, he didn't want to scowl. He didn't want to be miserable. He was happy. He was about to become a father again â€" he wanted to smile so much that he'd be scared to break his cheeks. He just couldn't do that with people gossiping about what went on behind closed doors. It was their business, his and Jenny's. Nobody else's.

Jenny's excessive morning sickness didn't relent but she tried not to let it interfere with her work. However, as with anything, some days

were better than others.

That day was a particularly bad day. It was only 6 a.m. yet she'd thrown up three times thus far. The smell in the bathroom was overpowering which in turn didn't help her nauseated stomach. A vicious circle.

Something didn't feel right. She'd had bad days before. In fact, many days had been classed as bad days but this was something more. It was as though it was sign.

Jenny Shepard didn't want for much but that day, she wanted her gut to be wrong.

Gibbs had been called out early that morning and despite not wanting to leave her with her head hovering over the toilet bowl, she'd insisted. A young marine's family were just about to receive a phone call which would change their lives forever " she could deal with getting herself to work.

It was strange to walk past an empty bullpen. She didn't like it but on the plus side, it stopped her from being distracted. Gibbs had a tendency to do that to her.

The walk up to her office was short and sweet and she immediately fell into her chair. She and that chair had a special relationship. No matter what, it supported her through a long day of work, literally.

Jenny sighed as she settled down. Yet again she had more damned reports to read and sign off. She could have sworn the Navy was missing half its personnel after the amount of casualties the agency had dealt with over the past few days. All those poor souls, some natural but most not.

She dared not to look at the clock on her desk. Knowing her luck, she'd look up after hours of work and only five minutes would have passed. That was how she felt the day was going to go. Slow. Slow and bad.

Over time, the signed off pile started to rise above the unread pile. That was always a good sign. When she finally did allow herself a quick break, Jenny felt something new. No nausea.

Her head tilted and she concentrated on herself. Still nothing.

Jenny found herself smiling. For the first time in weeks, she felt normal. Hopefully that was a good sign too.

Shaking it off, she returned to the current report. She was barely a sentence further when her door flew open. She didn't even bother lifting her head.

"Hello Jethro."

The door closed and she signed the report off before looking up. By that point he was sat on the edge of her desk.

"And what can I do for you, Agent Gibbs?"

The first thing he noticed was the smile, the genuine, natural smile. Something had changed. The second thing he noticed was the colour of her cheeks. It was back.

"You look different, Jen."

He smiled as she leant back and stretched her arms out. She felt it. She felt good. She obviously looked better too.

Jethro soon offered her lunch, an offer she couldn't refuse. For the first time in weeks, she actually felt like eating. It was amazing how different she felt now her nausea had disappeared.

The walk down the stairs wasn't as short and sweet as Jenny had found it earlier that morning. In all honesty, it was uncomfortable â€" for Jenny, at least. While Gibbs seamlessly hopped down each step, she couldn't do that. For her, every step seemed to aggravate a tiny pain building in her abdomen.

She thought nothing of it. She was pregnant â€" aches and pains were common, were they not?

Lunch was nothing fancy, a baguette from the cafeteria, but she enjoyed it. She enjoyed it as much as anyone could while being watched from all angles by agents and other individuals sharing the cafeteria with her.

Gibbs was more than happy to oblige when she asked if they could leave. He too hadn't failed to notice the audience the pair of them had gained. They almost parted at the elevator, Gibbs stealing a chaste kiss from his wife inside. However, just as he was about to step off, he thought better of it. Instead, he hit the button for the next level. He was going to walk her to her office. That way he could spend a few more minutes with her.

Jenny's pain had grown over lunch. Now it was more like a cramp. It wasn't painful exactly, but she was aware of it. Perhaps having been sat at her desk all morning without moving hadn't been the brightest idea.

The moment she got back to her office, she headed for the bathroom. Jethro watched with uncertainty. She didn't rush like usual, that meant she wasn't about to be sick. However, there was still an urgency in her steps.

In the privacy of the bathroom, Jenny allowed herself to hunch over. That eased the pain enough for what she needed. Earlier she had been convinced it was nothing, now she wasn't so sure.

She had been in there a few minutes before she finally emerged. Jethro hadn't left and he had no intention to.

"Jen?"

She didn't look up. The pain was getting worse by the second. She found herself waddling to her trusted chair but she didn't sit. Instead, she leant against the back and hunched forward. That was the only position which seemed to offer even a little bit of ease.

"Jen?"

The concern in Gibbs' voice was more evident and he was at her side in moments, his hand idly resting on her lower back.

Jenny moaned. Now it was getting to a point where hunching over wasn't helping. She daren't stand up.

She gulped a sharp cramp cut through her, then another, then another. She had had a feeling it wasn't going to be a good day.

"Jen, we need to get you to a doctor."

She didn't object. Bad sign.

She nodded through another cramp, still refusing to straighten herself up. She couldn't.

The pain didn't stop but it did subside. And then when she felt something warm and sticky against her thigh, she knew what was happening.

She was sat in the consultation room by the middle of that afternoon, the doctor having confirmed what she already knew.

She didn't cry. She didn't speak.

She knew of those who had described the experience as feeling numb but she'd never experienced it before. It was surreal. It was as though she was disconnected; it was as though the world was carrying on and she was stuck. She was stuck in the moment. Alone.

She couldn't understand how she felt. How could she feel so much pain that her heart couldn't register it? How could she feel so much pain over something she'd never really had?

Gibbs was nearby. He hadn't cried but he was close. They'd barely known a month but it had felt like forever. Forever just hadn't been long enough.

His baby, their baby; it'd been too beautiful to live.

Gibbs released a shaky breath. At least the baby would have a big sister to go to, to be with. In the darkness of the moment, Gibbs found some comfort in that.

Kelly and the baby, his two precious angels.

"I am so sorry, Mrs Gibbs."

Jenny's head moved to face the doctor. She faced him, but she didn't see him. She didn't see anything, not really.

"Mr Gibbs."

The doctor acknowledged the grief-stricken gentleman before giving the two of them some privacy. It was clear that they would need a bit of time to come to terms with the news.

"Jenâ€| "

Her head turned and she gulped. He was the first person she'd seen, and she needed him. She needed him close. She needed him in her arms, and she needed to be in his.

Jenny Shepard didn't want for much.

She had the best husband, great friends, the second chances some would kill for.

But she hadn't wanted for that.

However, her baby. That was something she had wanted.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Don't ask me where this came from because I don't know. I just needed to write again and this is what came to me.  
<strong>

\*\*Thank you making it this far. Thank you for reading. \*\*

\*\*I \*may\* potentially be putting up a small second future but don't quote me on that. With my track record, I make no guarantees. Just keep an eye on the status. \*\*

\*\*G x \*\*

End  
file.